

WINE

A

POEM.

*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ Scribuntur aquæ portoribus.*

Epist. 19. Lib. 1. Hor.

To which is added,
*Old England's New Triumph: Or,
the Battle of Audenard.*

A SONG.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by H. Hills in Black-fryars
near the Water-side, 1709.

WINE

POF.M.



Old England & New France
the West of England
A 20 X G.

LONDON:
Printed and Sold by A. Smith & Co.
1849.

W I N E

A

P O E M.

OF Happiness Terrestrial, and the Source
 Whence human Pleasure flow, sing *Heavenly Mule*,
 Of sparkling juices, of the enliv'ning Grape,
 Whose quickning Taste adds Vigour to the Soul,
 Whose Sov'raign pow'r revives decaying Nature,
 And thaws the frozen Blood of Hoary Age
 A kindly Warmth diffusing, Youthful fires
 Gild his dim Eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
 His Wrizzled Visage, ghastly wan before:
 Cordial restorative to mortal Man
 With copious Hand by bounteous Gods bestow'd.

Bacchus Divine, aid my advent'rous Song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar.
 Inspir'd, Sublime on *Pegaseon* Wing
 By thee upborn, I draw *Miltonic* Air

When fummy Vapour clog our loaded Brows
 With furrow'd Frowns, when stupid downcast Eyes
 Th'external Symptoms of remorse within,
 Our Grief express, or when in fullen Dumps
 With Head Incumbent on Expanded Palm,

Moaping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd :
 Whether inviegling *Hymen* has trapan'd
 Th' unwary Youth, and ty'd the *Gordian* Knot
 Of jangling Wedlock *Indissoluble* ;
 Worried all Day by loud *Zantippes* Din,
 And when the gentle dew of sleep inclines
 With slumb'rous Weight his Eye-lids She inflam'd
 With Uncloy'd Lust, and Itch Insatiable,
 His stock exhausted, still yells on for more ;
 Nor fail She to exalt him to the Stars,
 And fixt him there among the Branched Crew
 (*Taurus*, and *Aries*, and *Capricorn*,)
 The greatest Monster of the *Zodiac* ;
 Or for the loss of Anxious Worldy Pelf
 Or *Celia's* scornful flights, and cold disdain
 Had check'd his Am'rous flame with coy repulse,
 The worst Events that mortals can befall ;
 By cares depress'd in pensive *Hypocritish* mood,
 With slowest pace, the tedious minutes Roll.

Thy charming sight, but much more charming Gust
 New Life incites, and warms our chilly Blood,
 Strait with pert Looks, we raise our drooping Fronts,
 And pour in chrystal pure, thy purer Juice,
 With chearful Countenance, and steady Hand
 Raise it Lip-high, then fix the spacious Rim
 Th' expecting Mouth, and now with grateful Taste,
 The ebbing Wine glides swiftly o're the Tongue,
 The circling Blood with quicker motion flies ;
 Such is thy pow'rful influence, thou strait
 Dispell'dst those Clouds that lowring dark eclips'd
 To whilom Glories of our gladsome Face
 And dimpled Cheeks, and sparkling rolling Eyes,
 Thy chearing Virtues, and thy worth proclaim.
 So *Mists* and *Exhalations* that arise
 From Hills or steamy Lake, Dusky or Gray
 Prevail, till *Phæbus* sheds *Titanian* Rays,
 And paints their Fleecy Skirts with shining Gold,

Unable to resist the Foggy Damps
That veild the Surface of the verdant Fields;
At the Gods penetrating Beams disperse:
The Earth again in former Beauty smiles,
In gaudiest Livery drest, all Gay and Clear.

When disappointed *Strepbon* meets Repulse,
Scoff'd at, despis'd, in melancholick mood
Joyless he waists in sighs the lazy Hours,
Till Reinforc't by thy Almighty Aid,
He Storms the Breach, and wins the Beauteous Fort.

To pay thee Homage, and receive thy Blessings,
The *British* Mariner quits native shore,
And ventures through the trackless vast Abyss,
Plowing the Ocean, whilst the *Upbeav'd* Oak
With beaked Prow, Rides tilting o're the Waves;
Shockt by Tempestuous jarring Winds she Rolls
In Dangers Imminent, till she arrives
At those blest *Climes*, thou favour'st with thy presence.

Whether, at *Lusitanian* sultry Coasts,
Or lofty *Teneriff*, *Palma*, *Ferro*,
Provence or at the *Celtiberian* Shores;
With gazing Pleasure and Astonishment
At *Paradice*, (Seat of our ancient sire,)
He thinks himself arriv'd, the Purple Grape
In largest Clusters Pendant, grace the *Vines*
Innumeros, in Fields *Grottesque* and *Wild*
They with Implicit Curles the *Oak* entwine,
And load with Fruit Divine her spreading Boughs;
Sight most delicious, not an Irksom Thought,
Or of lost native *Isle*, or absent Friends,
Or dearest Wife, or tender sucking Babe,
His kindly treach'rous mem'ry now presents;
The Jovial *God* has left no room for Cares.

Celestial Liquor, thou that didst inspire
Maro and *Flaccus*, and the *Grecian* Bard,
 With lofty Numbers, and Heroic strains
 Unparalell'd, with Eloquence profound,
 And Arguments Convincive didst enforce
 Fam'd *Tul'y*, and *Demosthenes* Renown'd:
Ennius first fam'd in *Latin* Song, in vain
 Drew *Hiliconian* Streams, Ungrateful whet
 To Jaded Muse, and oft' with vain attempt
 Heroic Acts in Flagging Numbers dull
 With pains essay'd but abject still and low,
 His *Unrecruited* Muse could never reach
 The mighty Theme, till from the Purple Font
 Of bright *Lenæan* fire, Her barren drought
 He quench'd, and with inspiring Nect'rous Juice,
 Her drooping Spirits cheer'd, aloft she towres
 Born on stiff *Pennons*, and of Wars alarms,
 And *Trophies* won, in loftiest Numbers sings:
 'Tis thou the Hero's breast to Martial Acts,
 And resolution bold, and ardour brave
 Excit'st, thou check'st Inglorious lolling ease,
 And fluggish minds with *gen'rous* fires inflam'st,
 O thou, that first my quickned Soul engag'd,
 Still with thy Aid assist me, What is *dark*
 Illumin, What is low raise and support
 That to the height of this great Argument,
 Thy Universal Sway o'er all the World,
 In everlasting Numbers, like the Theme
 I may record, and sing thy matchless Worth.

Had the *Oxonion* Bard thy Praise rehears'd,
 His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height;
 Such as of late o'er *Blenheim* Field she soar'd
Aerial, now in *Ariconian* Bogs
 She lies Inglorious floundring like her Theme
 Languid and Faint, and on damp Wing immerg'd
 In acid Juice, in vain attempts to rise.

With

With what sublimest Joy from noisy Town,
 At Rural Seat, *Lucretius* retir'd,
Flaccus, untained by perplexing Cares,
 Where the white *Poplar*, and the lofty *Pine*
 Join Neighbouring Boughs, sweet Hospitable shade
 Creating from *Phæbean* Rays secure,
 A cool Retreat, with few well chosen Friends
 On flowry Mead Recumbent, spent the Hours
 In Mirth Innocuous, and Alternate Verse!
 With Roses Interwoven, Poplar Wreaths
 Their Temples bind, dress of *Sylvestrian* Gods;
 Choicest *Nectarian* Juice Crown'd largest Bowls,
 And over look'd the lid, alluring sight,
 Of fragrant Scent, attractive, tast Divine!
 Whether from *Formain* Grape depress'd, *Falern*
 Or *Setin*, *Massic*, *Gauran* or *Sabine*,
Lesbian or *Cæcuban* the chearing Bowl
 Mov'd briskly round, and spur'd their heightened (wit
 To sing *Mecæna* praise their Patron kind.

But *we*, not as our Pristrin fires repair
 T'umbrageous Grot or Vale, but when the Sun
 Faintly from Western Skies his Rays oblique
 Darts slopping, and to *Thetis* watry Lap
 Hastens in prone Career, with Friends Select
 Swiftly we hie to Devil Young or old
 Jocund and Boon, where at the entrance stands
 A Stripling, who with Scrapes and *Humil* Cringe,
 Greets us in winning Speech and Accent Bland;
 With lightest bound, and safe unerring step
 He skips before, and nimbly climbs the Stairs:
Melampus thus, panting with lolling Tongue,
 And wagging's Tail, Gamboles, and frisks before
 His sequel Lord from pensive Walk return'd,
 Whether in Shady Wood, or Pasture Green,
 And waits his coming at the well known Gate.
 Nigh to the Stairs ascent, in regal Port
 Sits a *Majestick* Dame, whose looks denounce

Command and *Sov'reignty*, with haughty Air,
 And *Studied Mien*, in *Semicirc'lar Throne*
 Enclos'd, she deals around her dread Commands;
 Behind her (*Dazling sight*) in order Rang'd,
 Pile above Pile *Chrystallin Vessels* shine;
 Attendant Slaves with eager stride advance,
 And after Homage paid, bawl out aloud
 Words unintelligible, noise confus'd:
 She knows the *Fargon Sounds*, and strait describes
 In Characters *Mysterious Words* obscure;
 More legible are *Algebraic Signs*,
 Or *Mystic Figures* by *Magicians* drawn,
 When they Invoke aid *Diabolical*

Drive hence the Rude and Barb'rous Dissonance
 Of Savage *Thracians*, and *Croatian Boors*;
 The loud *Centaurean Broil's* with *Lapitbae*
 Sound harsh, and grating to *Lenæan God*;
 Chase brutal Feuds of *Balian* skippers hence,
 (Amid their Cups, whose Innate Tenpers shown)
 In clumsy Fist wielding *Scymetrian Knife*,
 Who flash each others Eyes, and Blubber'd Face,
 Prophaning *Bacchanalian* solemn Rites:
Musicks Harmonius Numbers better suit
 His Festivals, from Instrument or Voice,
 Or *Gasperim's* Hand the trembling string
 Should touch, or from the *Tuscan Dames*
 Or warbling *Tofts* more soft Melodious Tongue
 Sweet Symphonies should flow, the *Delian God*
 For Airy *Bacchus* is Associate meet.

The Stairs Ascent now gain'd, our Guide unbars
 The Door of Spacious Room, and creaking Chairs
 (To ear offensive) round the Table sets,
 We sit, when thus his Florid Speech begins:
 Names, Sirs, the *WINE* that most invites you, Taste,

Champaign or *Burgundy*, or *Florence* pure,
 Or *Hoc Antique*, or *Lisbon* New or Old,
Bordeaux, or neat *French White*, or *Alicant*;
 For *Bordeaux* we with Voice Unanimous
 Declare, (such Sympathy's in Boon Conpeers.)
 He quits the Room *Alert*, but soon returns,
 One hand Capacious glist'ring Vessels bore
 Resplendant, th' other with a grasp secure,
 A Bottle (mighty charge) upstaid, full Fraught
 With goodly Wine, *He* with extended Hand
 Rais'd high, pours forth the Sanguin frothy Juice,
 O'erspread with Bubbles, dissipated soon:
 We strait t'our Arms repair, experienc'd Chiefs;
 Now Glasses clash with Glasses, (Charming Sound,)
 And Glorious *ANNA*'s Health the first the best
 Crowns the full Glass, at Her inspiring Name
 The sprightly Wine Results, and seem to smile,
 With hearty Zeal, and wish unanimous
 The Health we drink, and in her Health our own.

A Pause ensues, and now with grateful Char
 W' improve the Interval, and Joyous Mirth
 Engages our rais'd Souls, Pat Repartee,
 Or Witty Joke our airy Senses moves
 To pleasant Laughter, strait the Ecchoing Room
 With Universal Peals and Shouts resounds.

The *Royal Dane*, blest Consort of the blest *QUEEN*,
 Next Crowns the Rubied Nectar, all whose Bliss
 In *ANNA*'s plac't with Sympathetic Flame,
 And Mutual Endearments, all her Joys,
 Like the kind Turtles pure untainted Love,
 Center in Him, who shares the grateful Hearts
 Of Loyal Subjects, with his Sov'reign *QUEEN*;
 For by his Prudent Care, united shores
 Were sav'd from Hostile Fleets Invasion dire.

The Hero *Malbro* next, whose vast Exploits
Fame's Clarion sounds, fresh Laurels, Triumphs new
We with, like those he won at *Hockſtet's* Field.

Next *Devonſhire* Illuſtrious, who from Race
Of Nobleſt Patriots ſprung, whose Soul's endow'd,
And is with ev'ry Vertuous gift Adorn'd
That ſhon in his moſt worthy Anceſtors,
For then diſtinct in ſep'rate Breſt were ſeen
Virtues diſtinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent *Godolphin*, of the Nations weal
Frugal, but free and gen'rous of his own.
Next Crowns the Bowl, with Faithful *Sunderland*,
And *Halifax*, the Muſes darling Song,
In whom Conſpicious, with full Luſtre ſhine
The ſureſt Judgment, and the brighteſt Wit,
Himſelf *Mecænas* and a *Flaccus* too,
And all the Worthies of the *Britiſh* Realm
In order rang'd ſucceeded, Healths that ting'd
The *Dulcet* Wine with a more charming Guſt.

Now each their Miſtreſs by whose ſcorching Eyes
Fir'd, toſt *Cosmelia* Fair, or *Dulcibella*,
Or *Silvia* Comely Black with jetty Eyes
Piercing, or Airy *Celia* ſprightly Maid.
Inſenſibly thus flow *Unnumber'd* Hours;
Glaſs ſucceeds Glaſs, till the *Dircean* God
Shines in our Eyes, and with his Fulgent Ray's
Enlightens our glad Looks with lovely Die;
All Blithe and Jolly that like *Arthur's* Knights
Of Round Table, Fam'd in Priſtin Records,
Now moſt we ſeem'd, ſuch is the Power of Wine
Thus we the winged Hours in harmleſs Mirth,
And Joys Unſull'd paſs, till Humid Night
Has half her Race perform'd, now all abroad
Is huth'd and ſilent, nor the Rumbling Noiſe
Of Coach or Cart, or ſmoaky Link-Boys call

Is heard; but Universal Silence Reigns:
 VVhen we in Merry Plight, Airy and Gay,
 Surpriz'd to find the Hour so swiftly flie,
 With hasty knock, or Twang of Pendant Cord
 Alarm the Drowsy Youth from slumb'ring Nod;
 Start'ed he flies, and stumbles o'er the Stairs
 Erroneous, and with busie Knuckles plies
 His yet clung Eyelids, and with stagg'ring Reel
 Enters Confus'd, and Mutt'ring asks our Wills;
 When we with Lib'ral Hand the Score discharge,
 And Homeward each his Course with steady step
 Unerring steer'd of Cares and Coin bereft.

F I N I S

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS the Printer hereof did receive Two Letters by the General Post from an unknown Hand; the last dated *July* the 31st, 1708. If the Gentleman that sent them shall be pleased to communicate any such Copies as there mentioned, they shall be justly and faithfully Printed and Published, and the Favour most thankfully acknowledged, by

H. H.

Old

Old England's New Triumph :

OR, THE
BATTEL of Audenard.

A S O N G.

I.

YE Britons give ear
To my Story and hear
How *CHURCHIL*, the chief of Commanders,
Has gain'd new Renown
To himself and the Crown,
By untwisting the *Monsieurs* in *Flanders*.

II.

To make the *French* fight,
He march'd Day and Night;
In a trice pass'd the *Schelde* in their View:
Then undaunted in Wars,
He fought it like *Mars*,
As before he, like *Mercury*, flew.

III.

As his Troops did advance,
The young Squire of *France*
On a Church, with his Brother, was seated:
And fearless from far
Saw the terrible War,
And in Order, when routed, retreated,

IV.

IV.

Vendome, the Encamper,
 With the chieflings did scamper,
 All ready to fall in a Swoon:
 The Thieves in the Night
 Stole a scandalous Flight,
 Then fenc'd themselves up to the Moon.

V.

The Knight of *St. George*,
 A Tale I don't forge,
 Atchiev'd no great Matters to brag on:
 The Youth did not fight
 Like *St. George*, or his Knight,
 Tho' Young *HANOVER* did like a Dragon:

VI.

Since the Fox his old Hole
 Can't regain for his Soul,
 He'll make him a new one; What then?
 Let him earth to the Center,
 The *Briton* will enter,
 Unkennel, and chase him again.

VII.

Does th' Entrencher conclude
 He his Fate shall elude?
 Will his Bullworks from *Malboro* save him?
 He'll fill up his Trenches,
 And pass his high Fences;
 He'll above ground, or under ground have him.

VIII.

What Rhodomantades,
 And vain *Vendomades*,
 Did we hear, about *Bruges* and *Ghent*?

We'll give 'em yet more
Of Towns half a score,
If one Battle more they will grant,

IX.

When the High-flying Tory
Heard this fighting Story,
His Heart sunk a foot from its place:
But the Grief in his Breast
With Care he suppress'd,
And put on a dismal glad Face.

X.

How the Bullys did roar,
When the Towns nam'd before
By Treason to *France* were conceded?
With unnatural Pleasure,
They hop'd, from that Seizure,
Their own Country wou'd soon be invaded.

XI.

Last Year they were mad
That no Battle we had,
And reproach'd our great Captain to grieve him:
But he has fought,
And now Honour got;
His Victory they'll ne'er forgive him.

XII.

Had he made no Attacks
This Campaign. All the *Jacks*
And the High-Boys had triumph'd; concluding,
They shou'd hatch the Design,
And the project so fine,
On which they have sat so long brooding.

XIII.

What Lands, or what Seas
Breed Monsters like these?

Our

Our Losses occasion their Laughter.
 They are Fond of *French* Chains,
 To be ruin'd take Pains,
 And keep Fasts for the Enemys Slaughter.

XIV.

Cry'd *Lewis* the Great,
 When he knew his Defeat,
 What, vanquish'd by *ANNA* a new!
 Still beat by a Woman!
 In forty Years no Man
 Cou'd, what she has done, everdo.

XV.

What Treasure, O *Spain*,
 Dost thou cost me in vain?
 For thee what Blood do I spill?
 How much 'thad been the better,
 To have stuck to the Letter,
 Kept the Treaty, and let go the Will?

XVI.

Ah, luckless *Vendome*,
 When thou travel'd from home
 With my Grandsons, intrepid by blood;
 You promis'd and swore
 You'd my Honour restore:
 Have you thus, Sir, your Patent made good?

XVII.

Outwitted and caught,
 Forc'd to fight, and outfought!
 On your Character does not this fall hard?
 You Wonders atchieve?
 You only retrieve
 The Honour of *Villeroy* and *Tallard*.

(16)

XVIII.

From Disreputation
You have sav'd the *French* Nation
Hereafter, by your Defeat :
Since now all agree,
No Dishonour 'twill be,
Where *Malbro* fights to be beat.

XIX.

My Captains and Armys,
Where the Battle most warm is,
Stood formerly firm and undaunted ;
Yet their Ground they maintain
On the *Rhine* and in *Spain* ;
But where *Malbro* is nam'd they're enchanted.

XX.

There's now no more Hopes,
O *Lewis* thy Troops,
Once valiant, and fearless of dying,
Will e're stand again
The brave *Briton's* Men,
They have got such a habit of Flying.

XXI.

Shou'd *Luxemburg* come
From Death's Bastile, the Tomb ;
As once thou discharg'd'st him from thine ;
Both he and *Turenne*,
And all thy Great Men,
Wou'd their Laurels to *Churchil* resign.

XXII.

Then, Monarch, despair,
And finish the War :
Send Paper unblotted with Writing :
Let *ANNA*, as she please,
To *Europe* give Peace,
Thou wilt get more by that, than by fighting.



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